

# DEAD MEN'S MONEY

A Story of Buried Treasure

By

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

Mrs. Morelwyn, whose son, Hugh, tells the story, lets a furnished room to James Oliverthwaite, a mysterious stranger, who asks Hugh to convey a message to an unknown man whom he will meet at a lonely spot where the Till and Tweed rivers meet. Hugh attempts to keep the rendezvous and discovers a murdered man. On returning home, Hugh finds that Oliverthwaite has died. From papers found on the murdered man's body they determine him to be John Phillips and in his pockets is a bit of stationery bearing the name "Gavin Slesmon of Dundee." At the inquest over Phillips's death

**CHAPTER VII**  
(Continued)

HE was a very slow-going craft that—not able to do more than nine or ten knots at best—and another hour passed before she was anywhere near business.”

“It’s not business in the ordinary sense, Mr. Smeaton,” I made shift to get out. “But it is business for a’ that. The fact is—you’ll remember that the Berwick police sent you telegram some days ago asking di-

me. But, thank God! she came within a mile of me, and I made shift to stand up on my raft and to wave to her. And thereon she altered her course and lumbered over in my direction. She was one of the ugliest vessels that ever left a shipyard, but I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life as she looked in those moments, and I had certainly never been so thankful for anything as for her solid and dirty deck when willing and kindly hands helped me up to it.

Half an hour after that, with dry clothes on me, and hot coffee and rum inside me, I was closeted with the skipper in his cabin, telling him, under a strict pledge of secrecy, as

much of my tale as I felt inclined to share with him. He was a sympathetic and an understanding man, and he was not at all afraid of me.

"And he swore warmly and plentifully when he heard how treacherously I had been treated, intimating it to me—the just—then—dearest wish of his heart to have the handling of the matter placed in my hands."

The steamer that had picked me up was nothing but a tramp, plodding along with a general cargo from London to Dundee, and its accommodation was as rough as its skipper was homely. But it was a welcome place of delight and luxury to me after that terrible night, and I was soon hard and fast asleep in the skipper's cabin, and fast asleep when he laid a hand on me at 3 o'clock that afternoon.

"We're in the Tay," he said, "and we'll dock in half an hour. And now—*you*—*you*—*you*—get up, get up, get up—clothing, man! And where's your purse?"

"You and me's about of a build," he said.

"Mr. Smeaton?" I replied. "Besides, I don't see his face as he got himself and his yacht away from me."

"You man is a murderer!"

"Business," he said, and remarked, nodding his head. "You be thinking now, of course, that I was he murdered both Phillips at Cromarty?"

"No," I said. "Do think that?" said he.

"What else? And he wanted silence because I'm the only living person that could let out about seeing him at the cross-roads that night?"

"You're right," he said, waving him to go.

"My own impression is that he went straight to him after his flight with me—and paid the penalty."

"That's likely," he assented. "But what do you think made him turn on you so suddenly?"

"I think things looked like going smooth about everything, and he'd given you that stewardship—which was,

"I want him to tell you what money he has," said Philip. "What are you going to do?"

"How long are you going to stop in Duquesne?"

"Four days," he answered. "I'll be discharging to-morrow, and loading on the 10th. After four days, and then I'll be away again."

"Lend me the clothes and a sovereign," said I. "I'll wire my principal, the captain, to send you the money. Come here at once with clothes and money. So I'll repay you and hand you the money. I'll be back to-morrow morning, when I'll bring him to see you."

"I'll immediately pull a sovereign out of my pocket, and, turning to a locker, produced a new suit of blue serge and some necessary linen, and handed them to me, understandingly. "You'll be for fetching him along here, then?" And for what purpose?"

"I want him to take your evidence about picking me up," I answered. "One thing I want to know, and for another reason that I'll tell you about later."

"I'll tell you," said Philip. "I want to stop your mouth."

"Mr. Lindsey's fault—he let out too much at the police court. Carstairs got a good deal of the money, and Mr. Lindsey frightened him. I guess it was you lee-ack's Mr. Lindsey who got some powerful card up. I'll give about £100 to the man, but I don't know. But I'm certain now—now!—that Carstairs took a fear into him. He's a coward. He's a coward to-morrow, and he thought he'd settle me once and for all before I could get away. And he's forced to say things that would be his ruin."

"You can't think, now, of how, why, you Phillips man could have been so stupid. I don't know what you're up to. It was like that, that I said, pointing to a block of memoranda on the desk, that he had written down the case at the desk before him. 'Is the same?'"

"That's right," said he. "But—there's nothing unusual in that; some correspondents of mine might have handed it to him—torn it off one of my last letters."

afterward. And—don't tell anybody here of what's happened, and pass the word for silence to your crew. It'll be something in their pockets when my friends come along."

I must let my mother and Mazine know of my safety—at once. I must tell them what has happened there at Berwick. That monstrous villain must be made to pay for what that accident had happened to me. It made me grind my teeth and long to get his hands at my hanging. I thought I would want Mazine and my mother to witness what I had done to each such sheer and infinite surprise.

My mother gripped me on the staircase. "Hugh! Hugh!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here? What do you mean? Such a fright as you've given us! What's the meaning of this?"

I was so taken aback, having been certain that stairs would have gone unnoticed and sold the matter eventually disguised, and all I could do was stare from one to the other. As for Maizie, she only looked weakly at me, then turned to her mother and gazed at me as scrutinizingly as my mother was doing.

"As you see, Hugh," said the mean old hag, "you're here. We've done it. You're back."

next train to Dinco. Give post-office people orders not to let this out, most important. H. M."

I read that over half a dozen times before I finally dispatched it. It seemed all wrong, somehow—and all

right in another way. And, however badly put it was, it expressed my feelings. I had been a borrower of sovereign with it, and in using the change which was given back to me, I went out of the telephone booth and around.

And at that time, being in Bank Street, and looking about me for some place where I could get a cup of tea and a bite of food, I chanced by sheer accident to see a name on a brass plate, fixed among more of the same sort, on the outside of the City of London offices. That name was Gavin Smeaton. I recalled it at once—and, moved by a sudden impulse, I went in.

I walked into a room right at the top of the building, wherein a young man of thirty or thereabouts was sitting. "Do you tell me that Chris- tian has never been home?" I exclaimed, turning to Mr. Lindse.

ting at a desk, putting "together" a couple of letters which he had standing at his side, was evidently about to carry to the post. It was not until he had given all the letters to the lad and bade him hurry off to the post that the man turned to the lad, with a sharp look and one word of interrogation.

"Yes," he said, "I know where he is. I don't know where he is, is that your yacht either. All I know is that he left me to drown last night, a good twenty miles from land, and that's only by a special mercy of Providence that I'm here. Wherever he is, y-man's a murderer—I've settled the man. Mr. Lindsey."

“That’s my name,” he answered.  
“What can I do for you? My business